

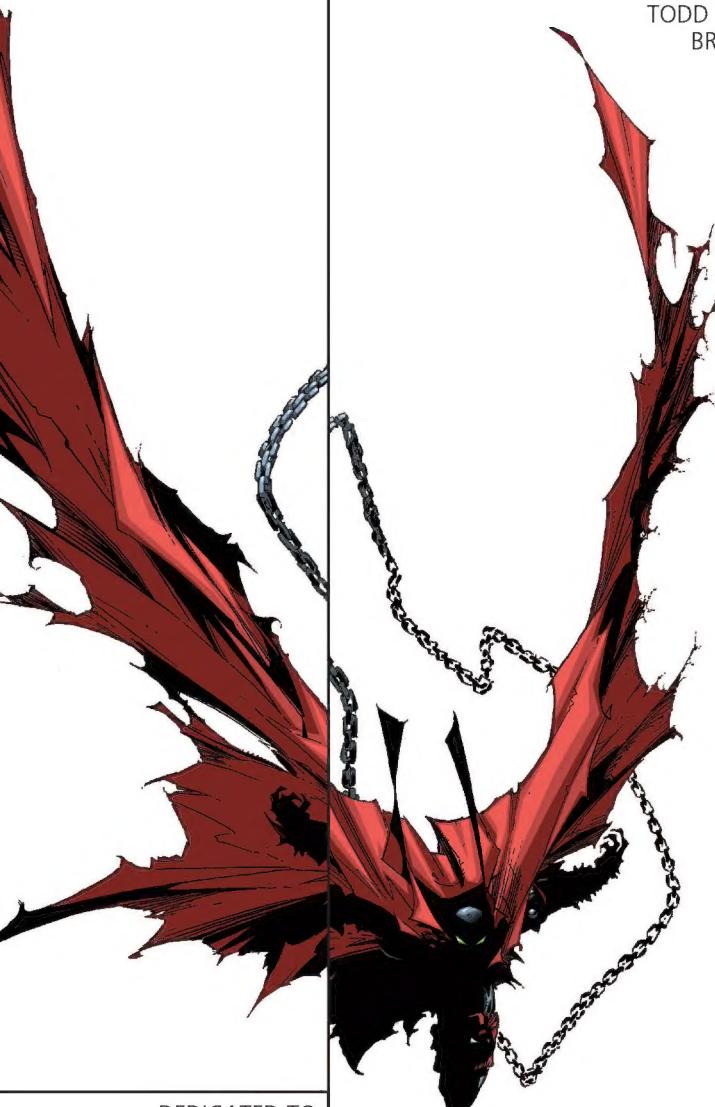
SPAWN®



TODD McFARLANE AND
IMAGE COMICS PRESENT

random patterns

part 02



PLOT
TODD McFARLANE
BRIAN HOLGUIN

STORY
BRIAN HOLGUIN

PENCILS
ANGEL MEDINA

INKS
DANNY MIKI
VICTOR OLAZABA
ALLEN MARTINEZ
CRIME LAB STUDIOS

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SPAWN CREATED BY
TODD McFARLANE

DEDICATED TO
THE VICTIMS OF
HURRICANE KATRINA

SPAWN 148 SUMMARY

Still unclear on what Mammon has taken from him, Al Simmons has ventured into Chicago. Al struggles with his sanity as he desperately searches for some sort of clue as to what his role is in Mammon's plan. Feverishly circling and tearing out newspaper ads and articles, Al seems to notice references surrounding him, almost trying to help him remember.

Following his instincts, Spawn moves deeper into the city, towards an old abandoned church. Calling out to whoever will listen, Spawn vocalizes his discontent. Taking shape, and tearing down the church in the process, Spawn receives a response from the being known only as The Heap.

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THE AIR IS THICK AND FOUL, RANK WITH THE SCENT OF FETID VEGETATION AND ROTTING EARTH.

A NOXIOUS AND POISONOUS HEAP, THIS THING MOVES LIKE A TOXIC AMOEBA, A LIVING PESTILENCE DIVIDING AND RESHAPING ITSELF.

IT RISES UP AND LOOKS DOWN AT ME WITH GLOWING EYES.

IT DOESN'T LOOK AT ALL PLEASED TO SEE ME.

HELLISPAWWWW...
You...you must be stopped...

I HEAR ITS VOICE IN MY HEAD RATHER THAN MY EARS. IT SOUNDS LIKE WAVES CRASHING AND TREES TWISTING.

STOPPED? STOPPED FROM WHAT? YOU CALLED ME HERE.

YOU MUST BE SHOWN.

YOU MUST BE TAUGHT!

THIS WORLD IS NOT YOURS... NOR IS IT THEIRS...

AAAAA
GH!

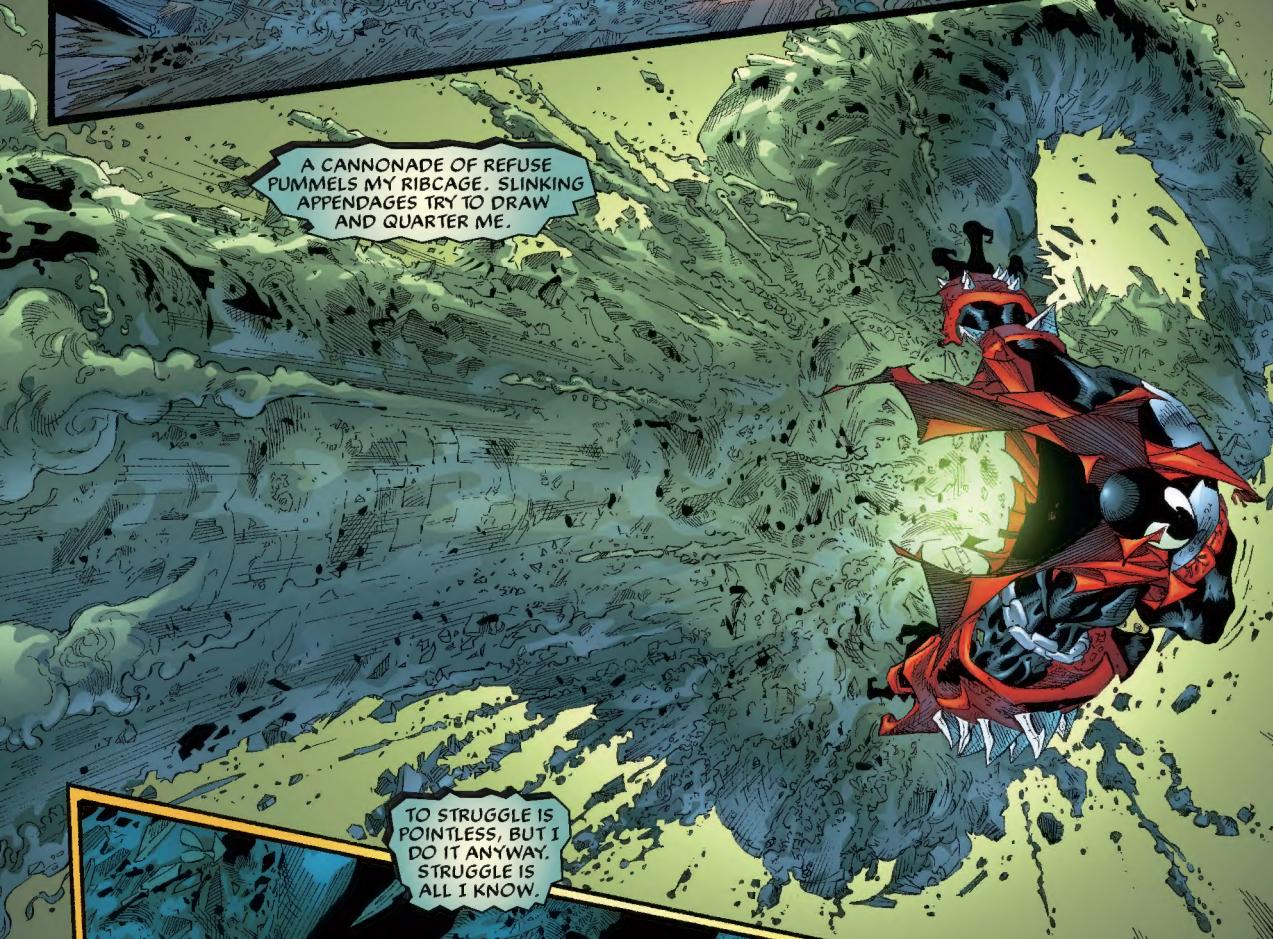






IT'S TOO FAST.
TOO MOBILE.

DEAD EYES
WATCHING
ME FROM
ALL SIDES.

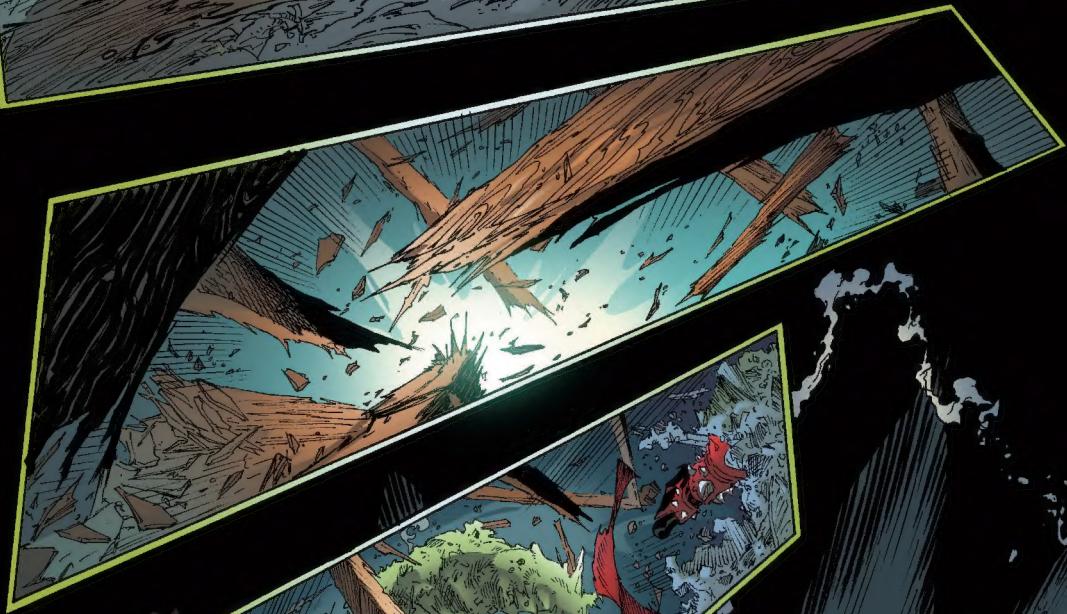


A CANNONADE OF REFUSE
PUMMELS MY RIBCAGE. SLINKING
APPENDAGES TRY TO DRAW
AND QUARTER ME.



TO STRUGGLE IS
POINTLESS, BUT I
DO IT ANYWAY.
STRUGGLE IS
ALL I KNOW.

STRUGGLE
IS ALL
I HAVE
LEFT.



THIS WORLD IS NOT YOURS.

THIS
WORLD IS
NOT
THEIRS.

DOWN
INTO THE
DARKNESS.

YOU
MUST BE
SHOWN.

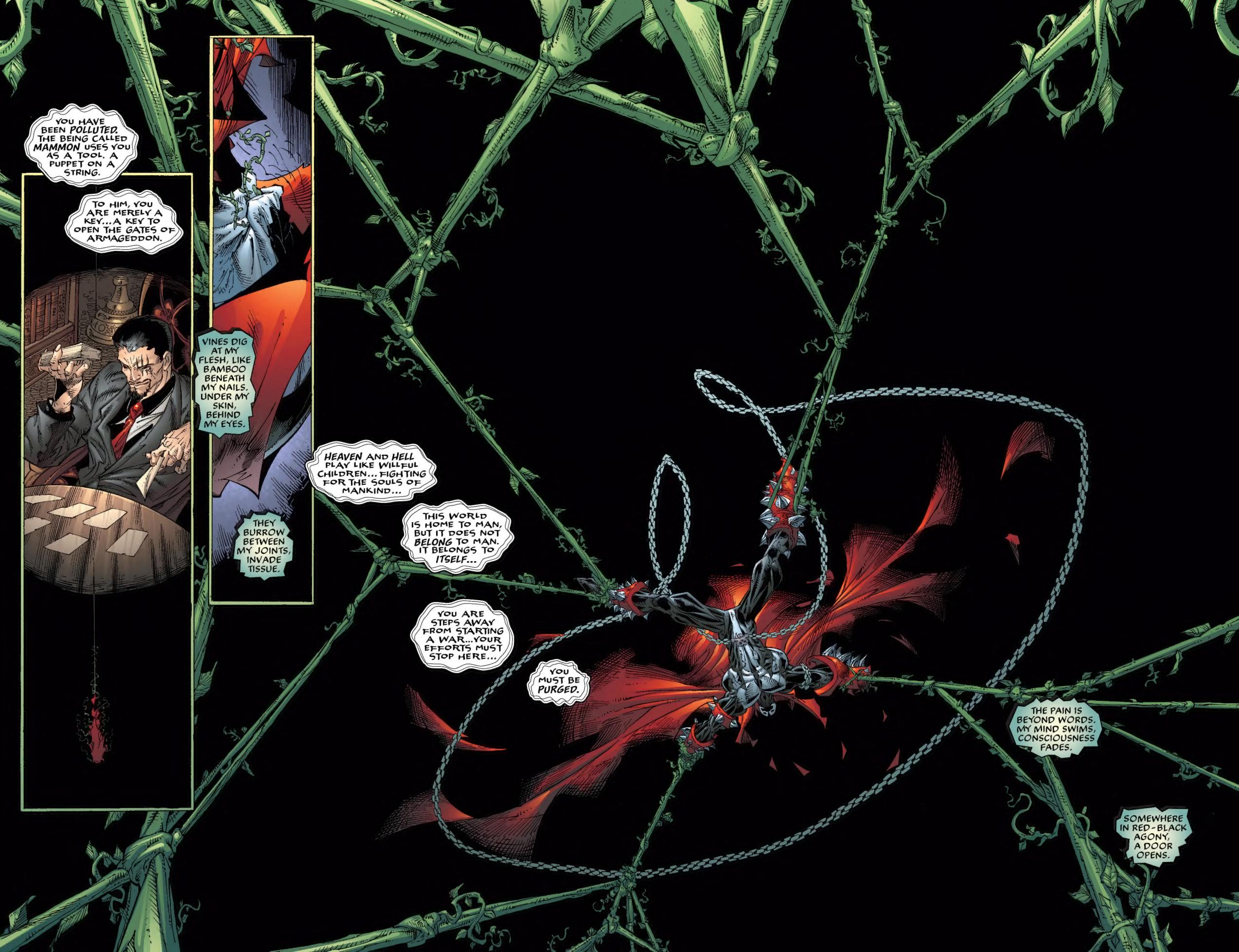
INTO
THE VOID.

YOU
MUST BE
TAUGHT.

SURROUNDED
BY INKY
NOTHINGNESS.

LIKE
FALLING
INTO
HELL.

ALL
OVER
AGAIN.



YOU HAVE
BEEN POLLUTED.
THE BEING CALLED
MAMMON USES YOU
AS A TOOL. A
PUPPET ON A
STRING.

TO HIM, YOU
ARE MERELY A
KEY... A KEY TO
OPEN THE GATES OF
ARMAGEDDON.



VINES DIG
AT MY
FLESH, LIKE
BAMBOO
BENEATH
MY NAILS.
UNDER MY
SKIN,
BEHIND
MY EYES.

THEY
BURROW
BETWEEN
MY JOINTS,
INVADE
TISSUE.

HEAVEN AND HELL
PLAY LIKE WILLFUL
CHILDREN... FIGHTING
FOR THE SOULS OF
MANKIND...

THIS WORLD
IS HOME TO MAN,
BUT IT DOES NOT
BELONG TO MAN.
IT BELONGS TO
ITSELF...

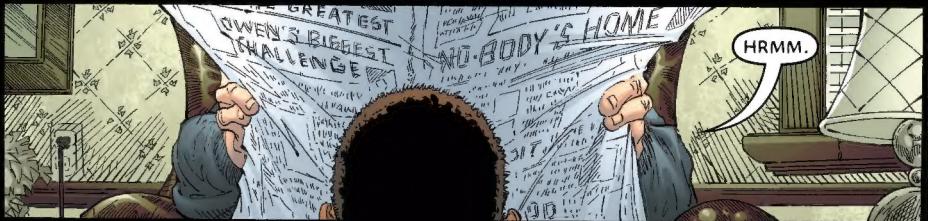
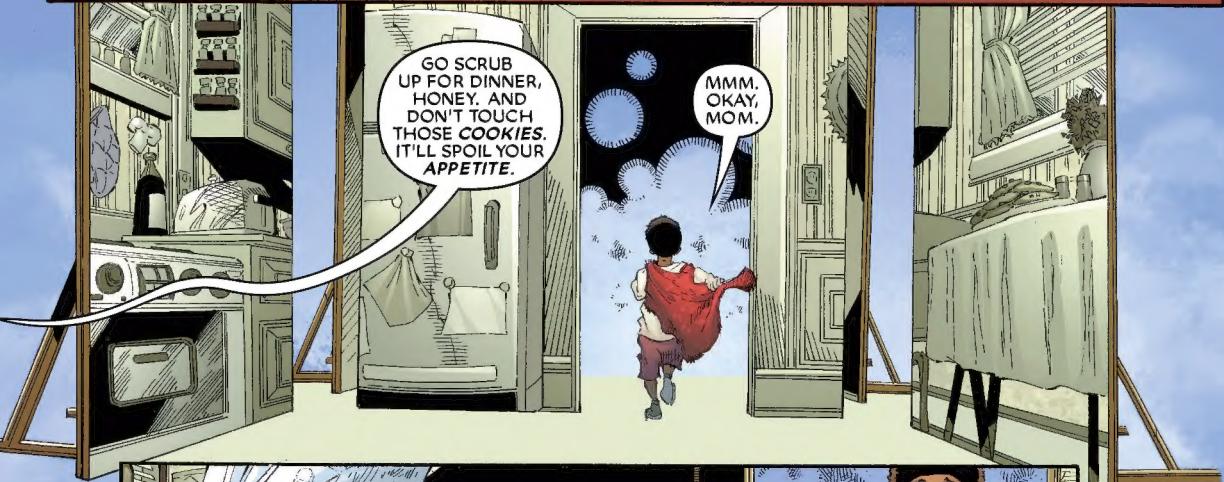
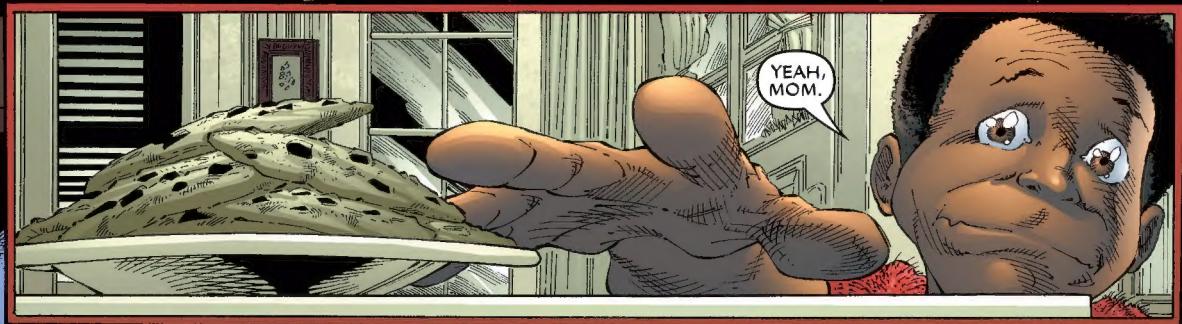
YOU ARE
STEPS AWAY
FROM STARTING
A WAR... YOUR
EFFORTS MUST
STOP HERE...

YOU
MUST BE
PURGED.

THE PAIN IS
BEYOND WORDS.
MY MIND SWIMS,
CONSCIOUSNESS
FADES.

SOMEWHERE IN RED-BLACK
AGONY, A DOOR
OPENS.

A DOOR
INTO
MEMORY.







QUIT NOW
THE SHALLOWS OF
MEMORY AND MAKE
FOR THE OPEN SEAS
OF THE FUTURE.

THE
MACHINERY
OF FATE IS SET
IN MOTION. THE
SCRIPT IS WRITTEN
AND THE
COURSE WELL
PLOTTED.

AND
THIS IS
HOW IT WILL
UNFOLD:

MAMMON
STEALS FROM
YOU. TAKES YOUR
MOST PRECIOUS
POSSESSION. HE
REMAKES YOU.
GUIDES YOUR
ACTIONS.

THE TEIND
IS FORFEIT AND
THE FORGOTTEN
ONES ARE SET
LOOSE.

EVENTS SEEM
RANDOM TO YOU.
MEANINGLESS. THEY
COULD NOT BE MORE
PREMEDITATED.

THE
HELLSPAWN,
GROWN
DESPONDENT OF
HIS FATE, AGREES
TO CRACK OPEN
THE GATES OF
HEAVEN. THE
SECOND WAR
BEGINS.

BELOW,
THE EARTH
TREMbles AS
THE BATTLE
REVERBERATES
ACROSS THE
WORLDS.

CREATURES
OF DARKNESS,
LONG HIDDEN
FROM MORTAL
SIGHT, STEP OUT
OF THE SHADOWS
AND TERRORIZE
THE WORLD.

IN HELL
BELLOW,
THE NEW
KING'S
TOWER AT
LAST
BREACHES
THE WALLS
OF HEAVEN,
AND AN
INFERNAL
ARMY
POURS
FORTH.

SHADOW
ENGULFS THE
EARTH AND
HUMANITY LOOKS TO
THE SILENT SKY,
PRAYING TO A
DISTANT GOD FOR
DELIVERANCE.

THEIR PLEAS GO
UNANSWERED.

THOSE WHO
ABSTAINED IN THE
FIRST WAR MUST
FIGHT IN THE
NEXT.

FOR
THERE IS
NO GOD
TO
ANSWER
THEM.

THE
GREAT
THRONE
SITS
EMPTY.
ITS MAKER
VANISHED
OR
PERHAPS
PERISHED.
IT IS NOT
KNOWN.

THIS IS
THE SECRET
MAMMON
HAS
LEARNED. A
SECRET
HEAVEN HAS
FOUGHT TO
KEEP
HIDDEN.

THE CHOIRS
OF THE SHINING
CITY KEEP UP
THE FACADE,
CARRYING ON AS
IF NOTHING HAS
CHANGED.

BUT GOD IS ABSENT
NONTHELESS.

THE WAR
ITSELF IS
MEANINGLESS.
A CHARADE.
SO MUCH SET
DRESSING.

FOR IT ALL
DEVOLVES, AS IT
MUST, INTO CHAOS.
ALL
OF THE OLD
ALLIANCES, LAWS AND
STRICTURES RENT
ASUNDER.

THE
UNIVERSE
IMPODSES
ON ITSELF,
COUNTLESS
WORLDS OF
POSSIBILITIES
SNUFFED
OUT BEFORE THEIR TIME.

AND AT
THE END OF IT
ALL, MAMMON SITS
ON THE THRONE OF
CREATION AND
REMAKES THE
UNIVERSE IN HIS
OWN IMAGE.

IT IS ALREADY
WRITTEN.

NO.

IS THIS
WHAT YOU
WANT?

NO!

THE FATE
OF THE EARTH
IS OF NO
CONSEQUENCE
TO HIM, LIKE
YOU IT IS A
MERE CHESS
PIECE,
STRATEGICALLY
SACRIFICED TO
ENSURE THE
END GAME.

THEN
WHAT?
WHAT DO
YOU
WANT?

TO BE
FREE!

FREE?
WE DO
NOT KNOW
WHAT THAT
COULD
MEAN.

BUT
WE WILL
RETURN TO
YOU WHAT
HAS BEEN
TAKEN.

TAKEN?

YES. HE
COULD ONLY
CONTROL
YOU IF YOU
HAD NO
REASON TO
CONTROL
YOURSELF.

TO THAT
END, HE TOOK
THE LAST OF
YOUR
HUMANITY.

THAT
LAST, BEST
PART OF
YOUR
SOUL.

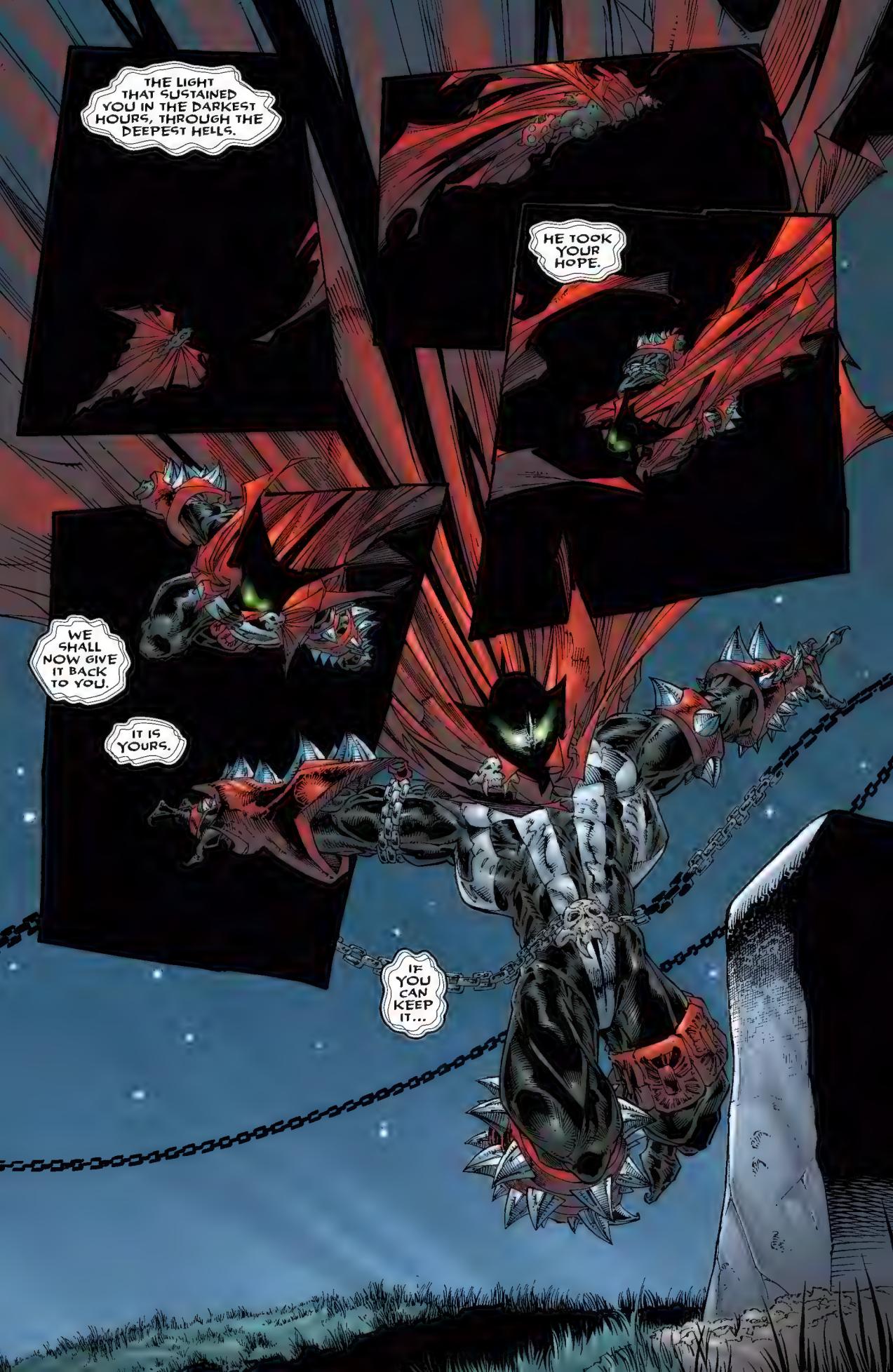
THE LIGHT
THAT SUSTAINED
YOU IN THE DARKEST
HOURS, THROUGH THE
DEEPEST HELL.

HE TOOK
YOUR
HOPE.

WE
SHALL
NOW GIVE
IT BACK
TO YOU.

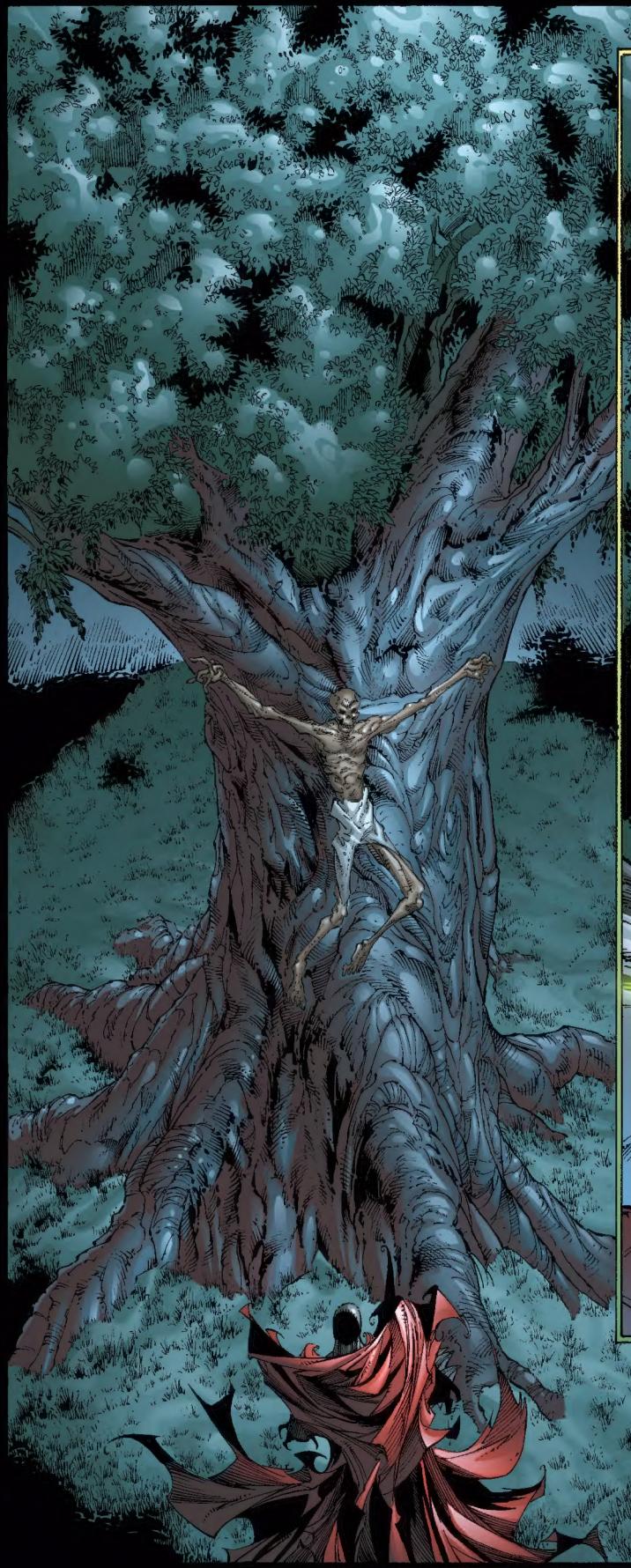
IT IS
YOURS.

IF
YOU
CAN
KEEP
IT...













EMPIRE